

THE OUTLOOK

Magazine



JANUARY &
FEBRUARY 1984.

"STORMY"
By Daniel Brown*



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THE OUTLOOK / JAN.- FEB. 1984

*****index*****

Editorial.....	1-2
The System Man.....	3
Jaycee's.....	4-5
Operation Springboard.....	6
On bands.....	7
News from "The Mountaineer".....	8
Poems: "Life Sentence".....	9
Concord House.....	10
A Glossary of Prison Terms.....	11-12
Poems.....	13
Comic.....	14
The Prisoner's Prayer.....	15
Facts About The Bible.....	16
Poem:"Me And My Cell".....	17
A.A. Group.....	18-19
Don't Lose Control.....	20
Creative Writing.....	21
My Future Plans by Al Granton.....	22-23
Ming's Escape (Fiction) by Steve Sutherland.....	24-25-26.
A Convict Is:	27

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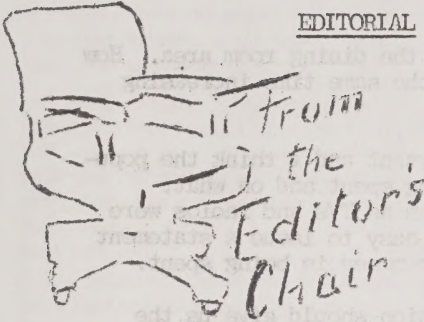
OUTLOOK is published by the inmates of Warkworth Institution. Please mail all correspondence to:

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EDITORIAL



As an inmate of this institution for the past year, I have a matter which I feel is of importance to the present and future inmate population and needs to be brought to light. It is my feeling that the inmate committee needs to be re-informed about where its priorities lie. It is my opinion, with which I think many will agree, that the main purpose of the committee is to represent the inmate population as a whole and on an impartial and practical level.

The inmate committee, having a responsible position, should be answerable to the population. The committee has responsibility for the expenditure of funds contributed from inmates' pay, the representation of the population to the warden and other administrative bodies, the ordering of movies, etc... I feel that the inmate population as a whole has been let down in a lot of these functions. To start with, why do we get a movie in the theatre and then three weeks later the same movie in video form? Or, why do we get the same videos over and over again, sometimes only a few weeks apart?

Also I've noticed, as I'm sure other inmates have, that the preparation and subsequent serving of meals to the population is disgusting and surely in violation of Health and Welfare codes; yet for an inmate to file a grievance is a pointless gesture that accomplishes nothing. Surely the committee could do something about this if it wanted to. It is also my opinion that the population should be informed as to how and where the inmate funds are being spent. It is not my intention to blame any one individual or the group as a whole for the deterioration of a committee elected by the population.

As this is a recently-elected committee, it can learn from the accomplishments and failures of past committees. I know I'm tired of having a committee elected by people like myself, only to find that its members are using their position in a selfish and derogatory manner. I'm also tired of having a committee that is merely a puppet whose strings are being pulled by administration.

There are many things which need improvement within this institution and do not require a regional decision. If present members open their eyes they can turn the dismal records of past committees into one of which the population can be proud.

To take a look at the report of the committee meeting with administration in January leads me to the conclusion that it is being tied up in bureaucratic red tape and technocratese. There is nothing on that agenda which can be said will be implemented in the near future, other than an increase in population. Yet even this brings about a problem that is presently being felt.

cont. /.....

EDITORIAL

The laundry exchange during lunch is chaotic, as is the dining room area. How do they plan on relieving this situation, while at the same time increasing the population?

These are just a few matters which I think are important and I think the population has the right to know where our money is being spent and on what.

(There have been rumors in the joint that such things as TVs and radios were being bought for committee members) It would be so easy to issue a statement in the form of a newsletter to let us know where the money is being spent.

I also feel that the administration of this institution should give us the right to be heard and to act upon present and future situations in a quick and fair manner which includes dealing with our elected committee and not tying it up with stall tactics and unresponsive answers to proposals brought to them.

This situation cannot be resolved by the inmate committee alone; the population has to show administration that it seriously supports the committee. This will not happen until the committee begins to represent the population as a whole and not the individual inmate. Then hopefully the administration will deal with us in a fair and co-operative manner.

ADDED NOTE: In reading through back issues of the OUTLOOK magazine, I've come across other articles about the inmate committee's relationship between administration and inmates. From the Jan. 26, 1973 issue in an article written by Doug McLeod, the article reflected the disunity of the committee and lack of co-operation with and support of the committee from the population.

It's too bad that today, eleven years later, it has come about again that the waters of the inmate committee are STAGNANT.

It's about time the population dropped its present "Me first" attitude and adopted the old and proven attitude of "what can I do to make a better institution for future inmates?"

I appreciate the opportunity to voice my opinions and look forward to a response from other inmates as well as from our inmate committee.

Al Granton.

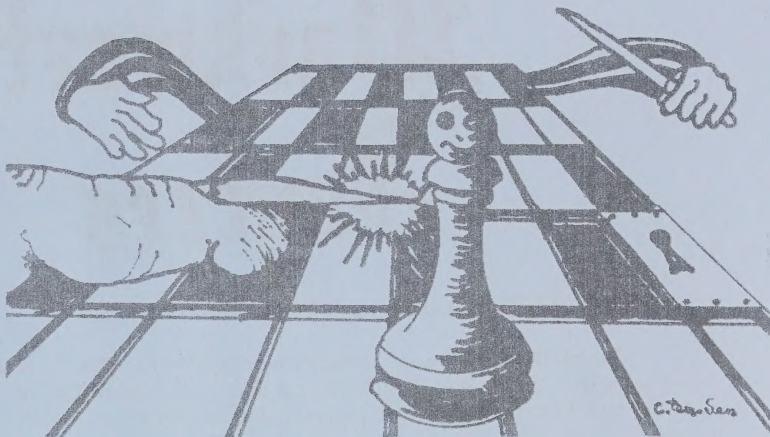
The System Man a pawn in partnership

The following work of fiction was submitted by an anonymous author. While we are making an exception in this particular instance, in the future, we request that all articles be signed.

I am a criminal. I will always be a criminal. When I return to society I will rob you and your institutions without guilt and without remorse. If caught, I will get the best deal possible; usually a light sentence, because I know how to deal with you.

The judges and parole boards will give me a light sentence because I know how to give them what they want. The warden and other officials will give me good jobs and low security because I give them what they want. Guards will be friendly to me because I seldom give them any trouble.

There is a young kid down the tier who is emotionally disturbed. He is a tough kid who committed his crime out of drunkenness and loss of control. He wants to go back to his wife and kids. He won't make it for a long time, though, because I 'oo "up front"



with his emotions. If he gets help, he might not be back.

Too bad, kid! This system ain't made for you.

There is another kid on another tier. He won't make parole very soon either. He's a tough kid; runs with a gang. That's all he knows.

He survived on the street that way and it's the way he knows. He'll have to fight

somebody to prove himself. Well, I'll be out and back before he even gets started.

And that boy that just came in, kinda cute kid. A farm boy; first timer. It'll be a real long time before he gets out.

He'll have to hurt somebody to keep his manhood. He'll probably run into that gang kid pretty soon. Should be a good fight.

These boards and committees won't

like him, though. He has had some tickets and his attitude is bad. Nobody ever told him he would have to fight to keep his manhood, or to get respect.

Ho! Ho! This system was made for guys like me.

A good conduct record, proper remorse, just the right smile and the right shade of respect for authority; it works every time.

And my job; Hoo Boy! I give stuff I make for the State to the guy in the kitchen; he gives me food for it. I get the best of everything because I know n way around—pressed pants, hot sandwiches, and a State-loaned TV.

Guess that fight started sooner than I thought. Hmmm, the farm kid is pretty tough. So is the gang kid. Woops! There's the guard.

Sir, sir! I saw it all . . . yep, get my name and number right. I want all that meritorious goodtime.

Well, almost time for Bible Class; then A.A. Guess that other kid won't make A.A. He needs it bad, but then he ain't real smart—like me.



A CAT

TRAILING A GROUP OF ALPINISTS FROM THE HOTEL BELVEDERE, LOCATED AT AN ALTITUDE OF 10,920 FEET ON THE MATTERHORN CLIMBED TO THE SUMMIT—AT A HEIGHT OF 14,780 FEET (1950)

Menard Times

Warkworth Jaycees

POST OFFICE BOX 760

CAMPBELLFORD, ONTARIO

K0L 1L0

These two months (January - February, 1984) saw a lot of activities going on within the Unit as we try to provide as many opportunities for our members, as we possibly can:

Fellowship Night: Jan. 11th saw a social evening within the Unit members as they held a get together to play cards, instead of having a regular meeting.

Effective Speaking Course: This course was completed during February and on the 15th — several members and prospective members, received their Certificates.

The proud recipients were:

Ric Ingola	Ashley Marshall
John Delyzer	Paul Waltenberry
Peter Zayet	Trevor Stoutenburg
Steve Cowie	Dave Ivanski
John Clubb	

Easter Seals: Members of the Unit, and several prospective members stuffed over 4,000 envelopes for the Rotary Club to pass out in support of the yearly Easter Seal Project.

Westwind Band: The Warkworth Jaycees are very pleased to be able to sponsor the band Westwind, as they go to visit Senior Citizens homes, Nursing homes and schools in the local area. This band represents the inmates of Warkworth when they perform, and they deserve the support of everyone in the Institution.

Guest Speaker Committee: This Committee welcomed Howard Crossland from St. Leonards of Hamilton and Bob Young/Tom French from the H.E.L.P. Program.
Several interesting Guest Speakers will be visiting our meetings in the months to come and we welcome any inmates in Warkworth who might wish to drop in to hear them.

Leadership In Action: This Course started in February with Doug Mills --



"TEN YEARS.....AND.....STILL GROWING"

(4)



--/

Warkworth Jaycees

POST OFFICE BOX 760

CAMPBELLFORD, ONTARIO

KOL 1L0

Past President of the Oshawa Jaycees, being the Instructor.

All inmates in Warkworth are welcome to take part in the Courses that are offered by the Warkworth Jaycees.

Awards:
..... Jaycees are an organization which recognizes the individual contributions of its members, the contributions to the betterment of his Unit, his community and himself. These Awards, and Certificates, can be proudly displayed in frames - - - that are available for purchase through Special Projects - - and these also should be photocopied and put on your Parole file.

JAYCEE OF THE MONTH:

December
January
February

Barry Williams
John Clubb
John Delyzer

COMMITTEE OF THE MONTH:

December
January
February

Tapes
Sports
Public Relations

PRESIDENTIAL AWARD OF HONOUR: presented by Harry Teichberg to

Lew Davis
Steve Ranta
Eon Simpson

Food Services Supervisor
1st Vice President
Treasurer

S.P.O.K.E. Award: Steve Zehr

SPRINGBOARD: Chris Coulter

Barry Williams

New Members:
..... Mel Stanton
Dave Ivanski
Ric Ingola
Peter Zayet

John Clubb
Dave Dawson
Fred Wilkinson

Presidents' Office:
..... February saw our President, Harry Teichberg, moving on to camp !!! Lots of Luck Harry !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The 1st Vice President was automatically Acting President, until an election could be called to fill the vacant Office. It was a mark of faith in his abilities, and For The Good of The Unit, that the membership decided to ask Steve to be Acting President until the General Elections in April (for a new Executive for the 1st of June).

We are all certain that Steve will fill the Office with dignity and responsibility !!!!
"TEN YEARS.....AND.....STILL GROWING"



OPERATION SPRINGBOARD

Operation springboard was started by 2 ex-inmates over 11 years ago. We feel that because of the realities of prison life and the problems of communicating with people on the out-side assistance should be available.

This service is confidential and is designed specifically for you so that you are able to stay in touch with your loved ones.

There is a wide variety of services offered and should you require Operation Springboard, contact the office in Toronto.

Services Available

Bus - Our two fourteen passenger vans travel 6 days a week to 9 Federal Institutions in the Kingston area. These vans provide essential and inexpensive transportation to families and friends who could not afford to see their loved ones.

Family Worker - Our Family Worker provides an information and support service to families and friends. She will assist with the social, physical, and emotional problems that confront families at this time. Upon request, she will contact your family by telephone or in person.

Toronto Office - Operation Springboard is often a source of information. We attempt to find and relay information involved with urgent family problems, assist with information on V & C, court procedures, Family Benefits etc. Often, wives and girlfriends drop in to wait for the bus or to talk to the Springboard staff. They have found a friendly and supportive atmosphere where they can feel comfortable and accepted. If your family is having difficulty finding out "What's what" - contact the Toronto Office.;

Operation Springboard
1801 Eglinton Ave. West
Suite 220
Toronto, Ontario
M6E 2H8

ON BANDS

The past few months have seen a good many musicians come into the institution. The past few months have also seen some frantic scrambling for music room time. Unfortunately, too many of the newer musicians are not serious about what they are doing once they get into the room. There seems to be a general attitude of "It's only a joint band, so why bother playing seriously?"

Some of you may remember the dynamic duo of Roni Grant and Joe Silva. They, too, only had a joint band, yet they were serious about what they were doing. Some of you may say "Yes, but they were top-flight musicians." Well, they weren't always that good. Neither was born with a guitar in his hands. In order for them to get a band together, they must have had some exposure to band work, wherein they played seriously.

We have about five different bands in the institution right now and I am sorry to say that it appears that only two of them are really trying to put something together. These guys have the attitude that their music comes first, not their racquetball, basketball and so forth. These are the guys who literally have to carry the music portion of the concerts.

It would be a real pleasure to go down to the music room one night and hear some guys putting something together without hearing a lot of complaining about who should decide what songs to do and who should lead the band and who is playing wrong and so on and so on and so on.....

Let's face it: there are a lot of guys in here who are just getting their first exposure to band work. The other musicians should have patience with them and help them. There are also guys in here who think they are better than the next guy just because they play a few more songs. These guys should drop their "Mr. Superior" attitudes and listen to what the next guy has to say. Then there are guys who are really accomplished. These guys should share what they know and yet be wise enough not to get on an ego trip. You guys who are really good may be surprised at what you can learn from the guys who aren't so good.

Most important, before going into the music room at all the members of the band-to-be should get together and discuss exactly where they are in their music and what they hope to accomplish within the band structure. I really believe that if you guys followed common sense you would find that you could put something together that you and everybody else would enjoy listening to. So let's get it together, guys. Combine your talents and become music men, not know-it-all men.

Thank you for your attention
Pen Music Ltd.

THE LESSON OF DONALD MARSHALL

BY MICHAEL ENRIGHT

LET'S SUPPOSE, FOR THE FUN OF IT maybe, that in 1972 we had taken young Donald Marshall, handcuffed and blindfolded him, put a heavy hemp rope around his neck, and hanged him until he gurgled to death.

If there had been on our lawbooks of the day a statute saying that anyone who kills somebody must be hanged by our society, then Donald Marshall, a Micmac from Cape Breton, would be one more dead Indian. The fanatics among us who believe religiously in the deterrent value of the rope would sleep deeply. They would feel — not feel, *know* — that future murderers would think twice or three times before committing their awful deed.

Alas for the hangers, two elements worked to confuse the scenario. First, Canada has no capital punishment provisions, and second, Donald Marshall didn't kill anybody. He didn't do it.

What he specifically didn't do is mortally stab another young Indian boy in a Sydney park. An alcoholic old screwball named Roy Ebsary did it.

Marshall, the innocent, spent 11 years in jail for not killing the boy. Ebsary, the guilty, drew five years for actually committing the crime.

The terrible nonsense of the inconsistent punishment aside, what have the pro-rope people to say about Donald Marshall? Usually you can't shut them up about the death penalty, but they are strangely quiet about Marshall.

They never like to talk about the possibility of an innocent man being hanged; rarely happens, they say. But now an innocent man who would be dead today if their arguments were law is walking among them. Sticky.

The pro-death people never stop talking about the deterrent potency of the death penalty. Without the rope, murder will become epidemic, like swine flu.

Their logic flies in the face not only of exhaustive studies denying the deterrence factor, but of the testimony of murderers themselves in death penalty jurisdictions who say they never gave the matter a thought before they killed.

Canada hasn't hanged anyone since 1962. Any time the matter of capital punishment has come up in the House of Commons, it has been settled by a free vote of our elected representatives.

In July 1976, Bill C-84 received royal assent and became law. Basically all it did was sanction the de facto abolition of capital punishment, which had been in effect since 1962.

Policemen, prison guards and members of the loony right whined that Canada was now in for a bloodbath.

Well, it didn't happen. In 1975, the year before C-84 was passed, there were 632 murders in Canada, or 2.77 per 100,000 of population. Two years after the bill was passed, there were 619 murders, or 2.64 per 100,000.

Did this mean that abolition of the death penalty actually drove down the incidence of murder? No, although there have been studies done in the U.S. showing that abolitionist states have lower murder rates than retentionist ones.

The numbers probably mean that the presence or absence of the death penalty has no bearing whatsoever on the murder rate. Between 1974 and 1981, we killed one another at the rate of about 590 a year. Some years are lower, some higher.

What do we do now with the walking-around testament of Donald Marshall? Before anything else, our mealy-mouthed justice minister, Mark MacGuigan, should pay the boy's legal expenses of \$82,000, which works out to about \$7,400 a year for his time spent in prison.

The federal government says it won't pay the bill even though there has been a lot of cabinet throat-clearing about how awful the miscarriage of justice was. The provincial cabinet in Nova Scotia hasn't got the guts to pay the bill because individual politicians are afraid of establishing a precedent.

(It would be interesting to compare the itemized legal costs facing Marshall with the tabs for some of the Jetstar trips taken last year by such people as MacGuigan, John Munro and so on. I suppose it's all a question of priorities. Better to travel a cabinet minister in comfort than pay the legal bills for some uppity Indian.)

But we should do more. Personally I'd put the kid's face on a stamp or give him the Order of Canada.

Because simply by being here Donald Marshall provides us with a valuable living lesson. His very presence should put an end once and for all to the hysterical debate over the rope. [E]

LIFE SENTENCE

Forgotten keyholes
where time stands still
and memories are everlasting dreams
lost loves, bleeding hearts
and a broken down soul
decaying of the mind is deemed.

Solitude forever
a decoy of life
an omen of forgotten despair
sunk promises of hope
that never will be
no honesty, love, or care

Sworn to die in a place
tormented and torn
to a coffin he's reluctantly thrown
eternal life is the sentence
"till death do you part"
and this man walks.....
.....alone.

THE OTHER SIDE

The bars are cold.
I awake to their untiring symmetry
and remember where I am.

My love is warm.
But it fades in the movement
for those who hate outnumber those who love.
ten million to one.

The man is cold.
He sees himself on a higher plane
and I look like a dot to him
far down below.
But he hides his disgust
and thinks that makes him a Christian.

The inmates are cold.
They need someone to be better than
so they can except their own fail-
ings. They and the man are so alike
except for their sides of the bars.

My love is warm.
but what am I doing, ^{now}.....
except feeling better than those around
me.....
unknown.



SALVATION ARMY CONCORD HOUSE.....COMMUNITY RELEASE CENTRE

The house itself is located in the North/West area of Toronto, basically around the Dufferin/Steeles area. Mr. Bert Steenburgh is the Director and the House is essentially according to the beliefs of The Salvation Army and the policies of the Parole Board and Corrections Canada.

As far as the operation of the facility is concerned it is mostly patterned after the St. Leonards House Peel and assistance in these initial stages is being offered by St. Leonards House Peel, the Keele Centre and the Montgomery Centre.

There are no specific exclusions from the House, however, great care will be observed when considering high profile inmates such as, long histories of violence or dangerous sexual offenders.

As is the case with every pre-release Centre there are certain rules and regulations which must be adhered to. These are basically ones that are common to all facilities like this; there are no drugs or alcohol consumed on the premises and actions detrimental to other residents as a result of your using alcohol will be strictly frowned upon, there are curfew hours of 9:00, 11:00 and 12:00 depending on your status, basically you are required to act in an adult responsible manner at all times.

Concord House itself offers many programs, which are consistent to all halfway houses but do offer programs unique to themselves. There are NO mandatory programs as such but each person is requested to use the professional people's services. The staff of the Concord House will operate a shuttle service to and from the subway at scheduled intervals during the day and night as the location is rather isolated. An employment service will be available for those who need assistance in that particular area.

Residents will be allowed to have visitors during his stay there and of course your discretion and good conduct is required at all times. No visitors will be allowed in the living areas (bedroom)...Visiting is possible 7 days a week and up to 11:00 at night. Your visiting privilege is at all times, subject to evaluation. There is absolutely no religious obligation or requirement for anyone applying to go to the Concord House. Please keep in mind that the Salvation Army is not only a religious oriented organization, it is also one that is committed to helping inmates.

A basic requirement for anyone wishing to go to the Concord House is to write a letter to the Director simply stating his interest in going there. From this letter you will be seen by a member of the Concord House staff upon completion of the application form which will be sent to you after they receive your letter of intent. After you have had two (2) interviews with the staff from there they will either support you for a T.A. to go to the House for an evaluation or they will advise you that they do not support you. Once you have completed your T.A. they will again either support you or not support you for admission to their facility.

Those who do get accepted to the Concord House will be required to commit themselves for a period of four months. There are accommodations for 20 people at the House, all of which are single accommodations.

Anyone wishing to apply to the Concord House please come to C.I.S. for the address and any other information we may be able to help you with.

A GLOSSARY OF PRISON TERMS

It was my unhappy fate, beginning in November, 1976, to be treated to an eight month stay at the notorious Don Jail, that architectural pride of history loving citizens of Toronto, during which time I came in contact for the first time with a most curious development in the usage of the English language.

The prison jargon listed below is only a very small collection of some of the extremely colorful imagery that has developed through the oral tradition of men behind bars. Obviously this is only a very small sample because many of the more unique examples of the jargon are scatological and offensive in some very unsubtle ways. Anyway perhaps you will enjoy these few offerings.

BEEF - noun - A criminal charge

FISH - noun - Freshman convict. Anyone who is naive as a freshman.

THE BITCH - noun - Charged with being a habitual criminal

THE BOOK - noun - as in "doing the book". A life sentence.

SOCK CHANGE - noun - Short sentence. e.g. He got a short sentence of a year and a half.

DEUCE LESS - noun - A sentence of two years less a day. (Particularly poignant in Canadian justice as a two year term constitutes a sentence to be served in a federal prison. Anything else will be served in a provincial prison.

DEUCE LESS BACK TO BACK - I love this one. It is two deuce less sentences to be served consecutively. Generally considered to be less desirable than a four year sentence.

KEEP SIX - verb - To keep watch, or be on the lookout for someone.

FAN - noun - a search (a skin fan requires the inmate to strip).

DRUM - noun - A prisoners cell.

GUZZLE - verb - To beat up someone. e.g. I guzzled the creep.

HOOK - verb - To punch. e.g. I hooked him in the head.

RAT - noun - Informer

FURBACK - noun - Poetic description of a rat (see above)

SHANK - noun - makeshift knife. verb form - to be stabbed.

PIPE - verb - e.g. He got piped in his drum last night. Traditional method of revenge for some insult or misunderstanding. To hit on the head with some type of hard blunt instrument.

cont /.....

A GLOSSARY OF PRISON TERMS / cont.....

COPPER - noun - "Good time" or earned remission. Most frequent usage occurring when it is lost. e.g. You'll lose some copper over this beef. 2) A prison guard is often referred to as a copper.

SUCKER - verb - To punch without warning. Derived most likely from the phrase "Sucker punch".

GOOF - noun - Seemingly the worst thing you could call anyone. I found it very strange that such an innocuous word could result in such emotional reaction. Definitely a guarantee of a fight if this word is used. I have never heard a concise and clear definition of exactly what a goof is.

KISS - noun - A light sentence e.g. I got nine months for that beef. It's a kiss.

HEAT SCORE - noun - Someone who draws heat. e.g. someone who is a conspicuous breaker of prison rules and is therefore dangerous to associate with.

WALK - verb - as in "on this beef I'll definitely walk" which when translated means that he will be found not guilty. NOTE: "we did not walk" We took the fall, baby from Humphrey Bogart, circa 1946.

BLOW YOUR MELON OFF - The operative word here is melon, referring of course to one's head. Often heard as a grandiose and harmless threat. Another variation is "smash your melon in". Personally I have seen no melon smashing here at Warkworth but it was quite a popular pastime in the Don jail.

GET IT INTO YA - popular inmate phrase used in a variety of circumstances from enthusiastically recommending a certain type of food, to a sarcastic joke such as get that O.P. (off privileges) into ya.

BLEW MY LIGHTS - seems to be an updated version of the older, "blew my mind" which needs no explanation.

PUT IN THE PATCH - To use your influence for someone or to put in a good word.

One graduate of the school of hard knocks and many jail terms that I met at the Don, even had his own personal jargon, poetic it was too, in a down to earth and rustic way. "I look at my bits (i.e. jail sentences) as vegetables he said defiantly, as though expecting laughter or argument. A deuce less is a pea-I can eat them anytime, no problem. Now your doing a fin (five years) he said referring to myself, "that's a carrot-it's pretty long, but at least you can see the end of it!" But anything over seven years is an onion, he added with perfect timing and rather grim irony and when you bite into that one, brother--well it just makes you want to cry! AMEN.....

I have been nibbling my carrot now for very nearly a year and I must admit that I can see the end of it. But I must confess that there has been more than once during that year that my carrot began to taste horribly like an onion. And I suspect even ol'peas have this capacity to change flavor during a meal. Best of luck to all of you and BON APPETITE.

Written by Robert Matheson

Appeared in the April - May 78 issue
of the OUTLOOK

POETIC CORNER



FRESH. AREN'T YOU
THE FRESH ARE VERY GOOD
AT MEANING THE BULLIES
I SAW THE FRESH IN ENGLAND
DURING THE WAR
THEY ARE GOOD BAR-ROOM BRANLERS
UNLESS THE ENGLISHMAN HAS
HAB ENOUGH, AND
THEN THEY ARE SCANNED DOWN
WHERE THEY BELONG. UNDER THE
ENGLISHMAN'S FEEL.

TOM ROBERTSON

WHO IS SAD?

Who is sad and who is sorry?
Not the seagull flying high,
not the wren, brown as earth is,
not the bumblebee buzzing by,
not the cat upon the doorstep,
not the dog beside the gate -
they are neither sad nor sorry,
proud, ashamed, on time, nor late.

submitted by Art D. 11 block.

Been through the desert
on a horse with no name
It feels good to be out
of the rain
In the desert you
remember your name
'Cause in the desert'
there ain't no one to give
you no pain

America

SOME PEOPLE

Isn't it strange some people make
You feel so tired inside,
Your thoughts begin to shrivel up
Like leaves all brown and dried!

But when you're with some other ones,
It's stranger still to find
Your thoughts as thick as fireflies
All shiny in your mind!!

Submitted by A. Dean 11 block

①

THEY MAKE ME DO IT



②

NOBODY CARES ANYWAY



③

JUST A COTTON PICKING MINUTE



④

GET IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME !





THE PRISONER'S PRAYER

LORD, Give me the peace that comes with the assurance of the forgiveness of sins.

LORD, Show me the kindness that your son had for others who were in trouble.

LORD, Renew me with the joy that I had as a child and let me know it again as a Child of God.

LORD, Strengthen my patience so I can survive the ordeal of this prison.

LORD, Teach me humility that others may see Jesus in me.

LORD, Create in me the love that your Son had for us all when He died on the cross.

LORD, Help me achieve the self-control that I need to serve my prison sentence.

LORD, Enrich me with thy goodness that others may learn to know You thru me.

LORD, Strengthen my faithfulness that I do not doubt your plan for my life.

Grant me all these things, LORD, because I am a new person thru your Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

(Based on Galatians 5 vs. 22 and 23, the fruit of the Holy Spirit).

Copywrited 1983 by Allen D. Hanson, Box 9, Ottertail, MN 56571.

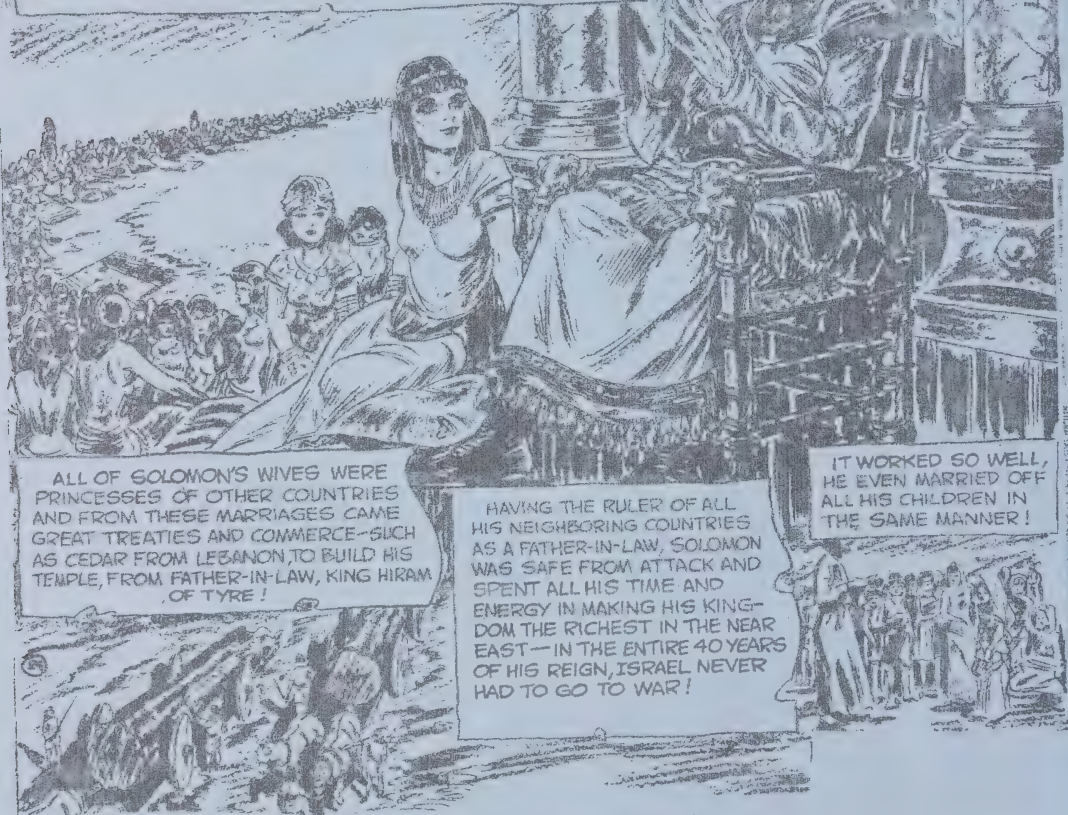
Facts About The BIBLE

BY
JOHN
LEHTI

WISE KING SOLOMON: A GREAT LOVER OR—A GREAT DIPLOMAT?

I KINGS, CHAPTER 11 TELLS US... "SOLOMON LOVED MANY STRANGE WOMEN... THE DAUGHTER OF PHARAOH... AND WOMEN OF THE MOABITES, AMMONITES..." ETC., ETC. AND SOLOMON HAD 700 WIVES, 300 CONCUBINES!

SOLOMON FIRST MARRIED AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS, THE DAUGHTER OF PHARAOH XIAMON XXIST DYNASTY (976-958 BC) WITH A FATHER-IN-LAW LIKE THIS, HE DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT TROUBLE ON HIS SOUTHERN BORDERS—IN FACT, EGYPT CONQUERED THE PHILISTINE STRONGHOLD OF GAZA, GIVING IT TO SOLOMON AS A WEDDING PRESENT!



ALL OF SOLOMON'S WIVES WERE PRINCESSES OF OTHER COUNTRIES AND FROM THESE MARRIAGES CAME GREAT TREATIES AND COMMERCE—SUCH AS CEDAR FROM LEBANON, TO BUILD HIS TEMPLE, FROM FATHER-IN-LAW, KING HIRAM OF TYRE!

HAVING THE RULER OF ALL HIS NEIGHBORING COUNTRIES AS A FATHER-IN-LAW, SOLOMON WAS SAFE FROM ATTACK AND SPENT ALL HIS TIME AND ENERGY IN MAKING HIS KINGDOM THE RICHEST IN THE NEAR EAST—IN THE ENTIRE 40 YEARS OF HIS REIGN, ISRAEL NEVER HAD TO GO TO WAR!

IT WORKED SO WELL, HE EVEN MARRIED OFF ALL HIS CHILDREN IN THE SAME MANNER!

Kingston Whig-Standard

But we are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to SALVATION through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth:

II Thessalonians 2:13



ME AND MY CELL

I sit all alone in my cell
I feel as if no one else is around
I wonder what goes on beneath the walls
Tiny noises appear in my mind.
Voices become clear
But what do they say.
They say I will be free.
But what is freedom when I'm behind bars.
Freedom is being able to think, and no one
knows what else I'm thinking.
Only, you know.
Freedom is being able to smile at a friend,
Breathing air and sharing love is freedom.
Freedom is being alive where ever you may be.
Freedom is being able to except your cell as
Home.
Freedom is being someone else's friend
Freedom is being yourself and being
proud of it.

WHAT IS AN ALCOHOLIC?

Basically, an alcoholic is one who has allowed the consumption of alcohol to affect his normal living in a negative manner.

WHO CAN BECOME AN ALCOHOLIC?

Fortunately, or unfortunately, alcohol is not picky it will and does affect every race, profession, age group and gender. An alcoholic may be rich or poor, good looking or ugly as sin, tall or short, skinny or fat...NO, alcohol knows no bounds, has no conscience and only reveals in the number of victims it can attract. Quite bluntly, anyone can become an alcoholic.

CAN AN ALCOHOLIC BE CURED?

In the true medical understanding of the word "cured" no, an alcoholic can not be cured..however, alcoholism is a disease just like cancer or diabetes, the disease of alcoholism can be arrested, it has been found that the best form of treatment for the alcoholic is total involvement in Alcoholics Anonymous.

WHAT IS ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS?

Quite simply "A.A." is a collection of men and women who share their life stories with each other, offering one and other a strength which they can depend on to fight their disease. In A.A. we call this collection a "fellowship"...a group of people, with a common problem, trying to live a better way of life.

The "A.A." program is set up in steps. In the first step we suggest that the individual admit that he or she truly is an alcoholic. From there we attempt to show the individual a way to change their life style. It is interesting to note that throughout the "12" steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, the word "alcohol" is used but twice, in the first and the twelfth steps..the other ten steps deal solely with becoming a more meaningful person. Some people believe the "A.A." program is a religious program..it is NOT..it is a spiritual program. We believe that everyone has something or someone, greater than themselves and we call that our Higher Power. We do suggest that you do not make some other person your Higher Power, simply because if he fails to meet your expectation, then you will probably fail as well.

cont/.....

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We stress that a person MUST be honest, not with anyone but himself, and we maintain that if you never take that first drink you can not possibly get drunk.

IS "A.A." FOR EVERYONE?

No, it is not. It has been proven that though "A.A." appears to work far more often than it fails.

HOW CAN YOU COME TO AN "A.A." MEETING?

That is probably the easiest part...you just walk down the walkway on Tuesday night, or every Wednesday: 7:00P.M. It's just a matter of walking in the door, grabbing a coffee and sitting down. All we ask is that you listen and be courteous to the speaker.

CAN YOU ASK QUESTIONS?

Definitely, as a matter of fact, we encourage questions. We believe that anything worth it, salt, can and will survive, any scrutiny. If there are any questions that cannot be answered from another source.

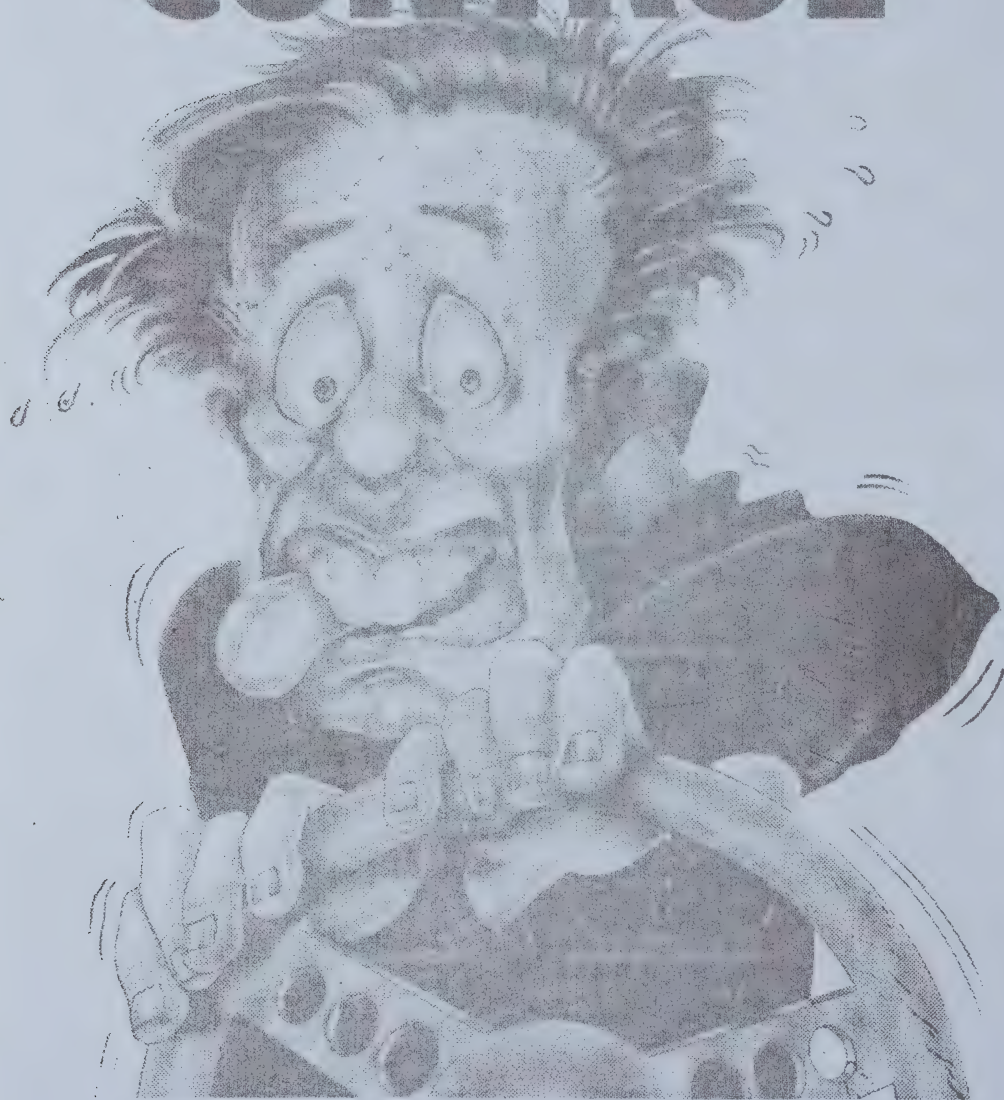
One must understand that "A.A." is not a miracle working organization. Oh yes, there are miracles but they only happen because the individual has decided to be totally honest with himself and truly does want to stop drinking. One thing to keep in mind is that "A.A." is not for those who need it...it is for those who WANT it and are willing to go to any lengths to get it.

WE HOPE TO SEE YOU AT ONE OF OUR MEETINGS SOON!!!!!!!

BOB FRASER..."A.A." CHAIRMAN

Reprinted from OUTLOOK magazine NOV. DEC. 82 issue.

DON'T LOSE CONTROL



CREATIVE WRITING

Hello, faithful reader. I am writing to you once again from my subterranean dwelling in northern Siberia. My topic for today should be of interest to all who are considering becoming a famous (hah!) writer like myself.

Let us start, then, somewhere near the beginning. Firstly most, you should never choose a place like a subterranean cave in northern Siberia to do your creating. Did you realize that the abominable snowman is actually the abominable snowwoman? I have been sexually assaulted by her twice since I have been here. And besides that, this place is damned COLD!!

Second, go out and get all the books you can on creative writing, read them, then forget everything that you read. You see, I have a theory that all those books are actually a Commie plot to keep some of those brilliantly creative minds out there from winning the Nobel Prize for outstanding literature (which the Commies want to keep) by filling their heads chock-full of garbage "do-it-yourself" books.

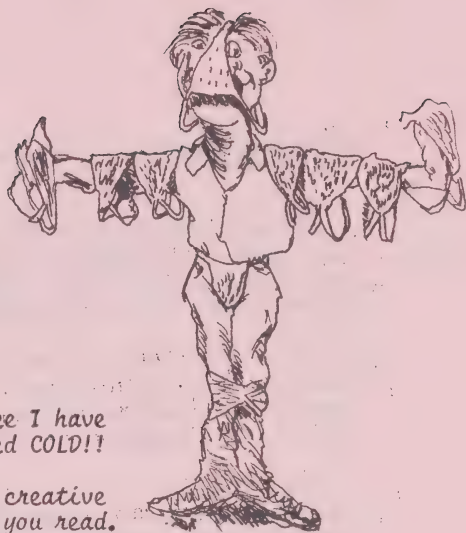
Thirdlylast, don't be afraid to use a little ingenuity. Here is an example of what I mean. The following sentence is grammatically correct AND it uses the word "had" the most times possible (I think) (No, strike that. I never think) in one sentence;

John said that where he had had "had had", Henry had had "had", and "had had" had had more weight with the teacher than "had" had had.

Do you see what I mean? A little ingenuity on the side never hurt anybody. It can actually be quite usefull when trying for that big Nobel in that you've all been dreaming about.

Choosing an appropriate topic for your creative writing is probably the most difficult decision you will ever have to face in your life. I, personally, do not have this problem, I am such an effective writer that no matter what I choose as my topic, I am (almost) assured of instant success. As a matter of fact, I think that if I put my mind to it, my literature could win any prize up to and including the coveted "Stanley Cup". Yes, I know that that is a hockey trophy, but believe it or not, hockey players and their fans can read. Getting back to reality, and all of its related concepts, I am fairly certain that anyone can become a famous (hah!) writer like myself with a minimum of effort. All it takes is a writing implement and a warped mind. Like Herman Melleville's, for example. I mean, a white whale? Yeah. Right. Sure. Hokey-dokey.

Mine truly,
Aladdin Sane,
Contributing Psychopathologist



MY FUTURE PLANS by Al Granton

IT can probably be said that federal institutions offer both pro's and con's in the rehabilitation process. That if you have a goal for the future, that the institution can probably help, if you were willing to work for it.

This last statement can be argued endlessly with no absolute outcome. I think the one thing we can all agree upon is that jail gives one a great deal of time to think of the past, present, and future.

Over the last little while I've done a lot of thinking and have decided upon a career for myself. I feel that I'm well qualified for a position in politics. And as this is an election year and I hope to be out of here, it all comes together well.

Now you may ask "who the hell does this guy think he is"? Well it's not who I am its who I want to be, and that's the next Prime Minister of Canada.

Now it is time for me to list my qualifications, here I will impress you, just like great Prime Ministers of the past. The issues: I'm well up on the issues, I have answers to all questions and those I can't answer I can skillfully avoid. And I can promise the fair people of this country that once I'm elected Prime Minister I will balance the budget decrease unemployment, increase social programs, and improve our world wide position, as well as anything else the people think they want done.

So you see I can LIE just like the best politicians and as other Canadians believe them, they should believe me. I also have a qualification that our other Prime Ministers didn't have, I've been in jail and have learned how to deal with red tape from the inside, as well as waste mine and others' time.

As for education ' I have some ' and as our past leaders have, I'll just hire people who are educated and know what they're doing. As a matter of fact anybody here who needs a job once I'm Prime Minister can come to me and tell me a convincing lie and contribute cash to my future fund for when I'm No longer Prime Minister.

You could become Minister of Finance or Justice, or Transportation and Communication although this is a first come first serve offer and the job you get depends upon the amount you contribute,

cont/.....

MY FUTURE PLANS by Al Granton cont/.....

And now you ask, "which party I'll run for, the Liberals, or the Conservatives?" Well I Won't think I'll run for either, It's far better to be independant, at least then I won't have either the Liberals or Conservatives on my back.

Well I think you get the idea of this writing and probably look forward to my career in politics as much as I do. I certainly can't do any worse than the politicians we presently employ.

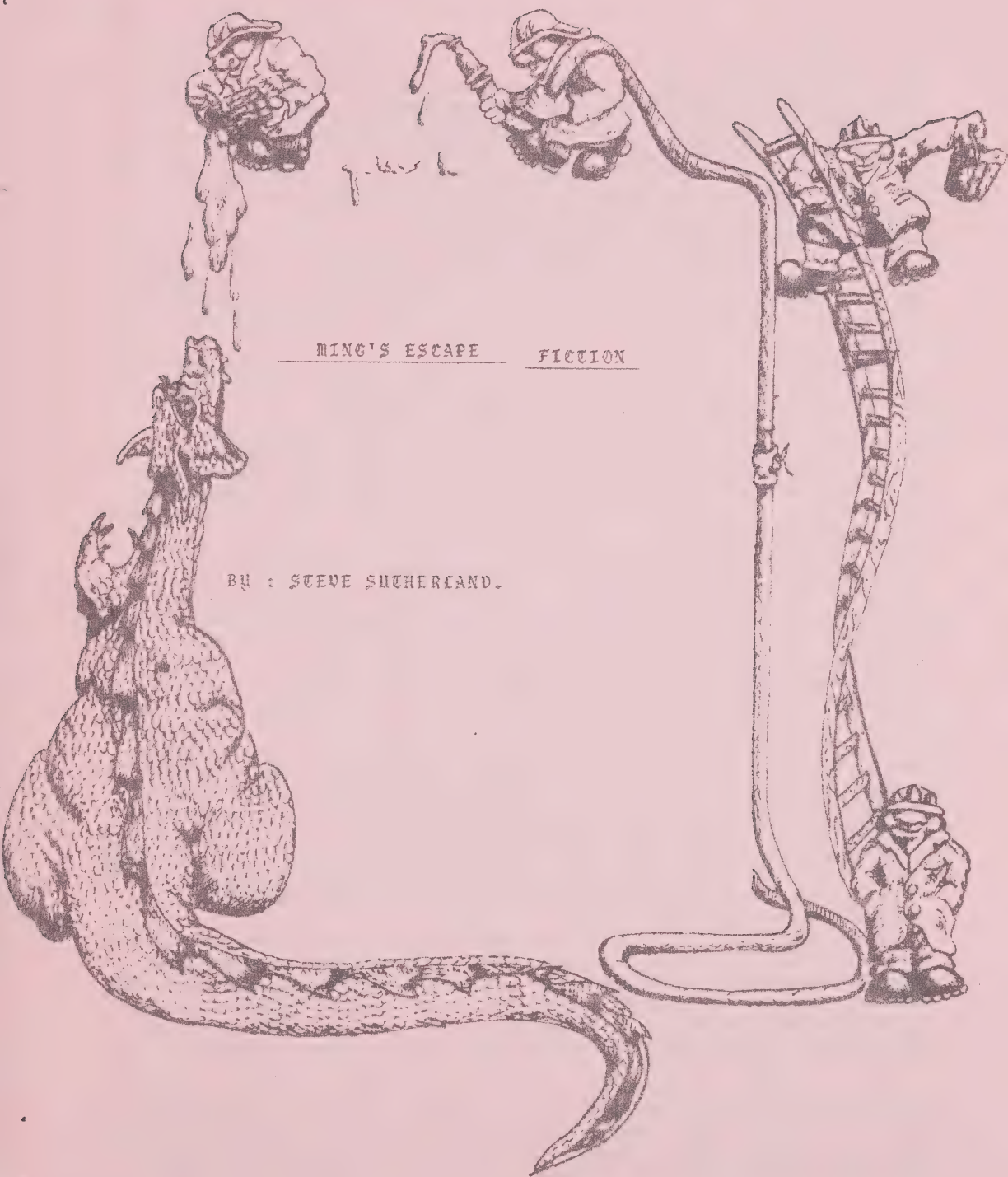
I wish that I would have decided my plans prior to my applying for parole as I'm sure that I would have impressed the Board with plans upon my release. So remember when you do get out, and the time to vote comes check your ballot for my name provided I can CON enough people to contribute money to my election fund it will be there.

I think that this statement proves that I'm just as sincere as our present politicians and that I have a true political attitude.

So send me your money?

VOIE for the MAN with the proven record remember
the name AL GRANTON for PRIME MINISTER

This is a work of fiction and intended to be taken as HUMOR.



MINE'S ESCAPE

FICTION

BY : STEVE SUTHERLAND.

MING'S ESCAPE

"Min LI is guilty of treason, in the first admission against the state of the Republic of China. Long live Mao-Tse-Tung", the Corporal was standing on a bridge, "death shall be punished by death".

Ming looked out across the skies. If ever in a single moment in his life, that he was frightened, this moment was surely it. Of course for three quarters of his life, he has often left most opportunities pass him by for fear of failure. All Ming wanted was an easy lane of travel up the road of success.

After the revolutionaries attacked the Imperialist Army of China, Ming felt it was his duty to protect his beloved Emperor. He was a mere peasant and life was hard for him to attain any luxury items. Barely enough to feed himself and his wife, Lia. But still he loved, and lived for his country.

Ming didn't join the army, he felt it was more important to run the farm. Besides who would be left to care and feed his dear wife. Yes, Ming decided not to go off to war. But stay where it was safe.

When it was clear that revolutionaries, led by Mao-Tse-Tung, were clearly in command of the country. Ming felt he should show that he was also a true comrade of their cause. He however decided against the possibility of joining up. Didn't he just hear yesterday that there were still pockets of resistance. What if he got shot and even worse died?. Who would then care for his dear beloved wife?

It was not until two days ago that Ming thought he should involve himself in this war. The revolution was over and the communists were in power. The Emperor and his followers fled to Peking in the wake of fear.

Ming was sitting on his porch when a traveller passed by his farm, and asked for a drink. The traveller was thankful for a drink and the brief rest. Ming was also pleased, because with company who could expect him to work. The traveller told Ming that he was off to Peking to enlist in the Army of the Emperor. He, explained the traveller, enjoyed life in the old ruling party and wished to continue it.

He spoke of a fort the communists had just established, down the road about 10 kilometers. Much more importantly, he told Ming of the cache of gold the communists stole from the neighbouring villages. It was stored in a hole outside the gate on the right hand side of the officer quarters. There was at least fifty lbs. of the stuff stored there.

He only wished he had the courage of the mighty mountain lion, for he would surely then steal up to the outpost and take all the gold and flee with it to Peking. The emperor would surely be appreciative and reward any one who returned the gold to him.

It was that night after the traveller left Ming's farm, and our story, that Ming formed his own plans. Ming figured to be that man the traveller said to have the courage of a mountain lion. He decided to bring it to Peking, Ming realized that here in China he had not a hope to spend any of it, or surely he would be told on. So off to Peking he would go, only he would give the Emperor only forty pounds of the gold. Ming would need some, didn't he? He had a dear wife to think of, and care for after all.

It took Ming all of four hours to reach the fort. Ming could see that the construction of the outpost was hastily erected. It was set in the middle of a clearing with a wall made of bamboo shutes, scaling to height of ten feet. Inside Ming could see low cropped buildings through the cracks of the bamboo. The buildings were of no great concern to Ming for the gold.

MING'S ESCAPE ...CONT./

was elsewhere, and besides he didn't want to disturb the soldiers within. He moved cautiously over to the mud hut which he presumed to be the officer's quarter. Upon reaching the building Ming's thoughts were justified when he overheard a man call another by his rank. After finding out that he was in the proper place he began to look for what he sought, Ming was rewarded when he spotted an upturned patch of dirt.

Ming, being the cautious person he is, waited till all was quiet on the compound. In another hour Ming raised his courage and began his diggin. It was when he reached the gold and saw all his dreams of fortune come true. Not forgetting the forty pounds of gold he was to bring to the Emperor, that the night guard put the rifle to the back of Ming's head and raised the alarm.

That is why we now find Ming on a structure that was built on the night of his capture. His feet were placed on a wooden beam that overhung from the bridge, on the other side a soldier was standing on the other end waitin to step off, on the sound of command. There was a pole that was fastened on the end of the bridge that reached into the sky. Another beam laid across the top of that. On the end of this beam hung the rope, on the end of the rope was noose in which we now see Ming's terrified face. Now all that was needed was the command from the officer and the floor beam would fall away from Ming's feet. Leaving Ming to dangle from the end of the rope till death took him away from the pain.

The command was given, and like the floor beam Ming began to fall. Ming's neck with pain that is only realized just before death.

The sudden snap of the rope, accompanied with the loud popping noise surprised Ming as much as it did the soldiers. Ming fell into the rushing currents of the river, being dragged to the bottom. "I'm not dead", cried Ming to himself. Although he soon realized he had a little problem, his hands were tied around his back, and the noose was still wrapped tightly around his neck. Ming realized not to panic being the best swimmer in the village he knew that to panic in the water would surely mean death. No Ming had to concentrate on getting the bonds of his wrists.

He tried desperately to pull free. All he got out of the struggle was torn and very raw skin. When Ming believed he was all but dead the one wrist slipped free. The other wrist followed suit. Reaching up Ming released the noose around his neck and almost died at that moment. The noose kept the oxygen that he held in his lungs inside of him. Now with the noose off almost all the air was out of Ming's body. Before his lungs surely burst he realized that he must reach the surface twenty feet above him.

Mustering his strength Ming upshed off the riverbed, blowing the unconsciousness when he reached the surface and broke free into the world of the living and greedily gulped down the air.

Ming was far out of trouble, as soon as he reached the surface, he felt the gentle tuggings on his trousers and shirt sleeves. It took Ming only a moment to realize the tugging was caused from the bullets being shot at him by the soldiers on the bridge. Which was about fifty yards from him at this moment and rapidly receding as the current took hold and embraced Ming in its powerfull clutches.

Now however Ming was in total control of the situation. Only a man who has lived a life of a coward knew how to escape death, and we all know that Ming was among the top of the list of that category. He has long practised it.

Diving under the water and breast-stroking away from the immediate danger. Not to mention a chance at life for Ming. He stayed under the water till he needed once again some air.

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Now however Ming was in total control of the situation. Only a man who has lived a life of a coward knew how to escape death, and we all know that Ming was among the top of the list of that category. He had long practised it.

Diving under the water and breast-stroking away from the immediate danger. Not to mention a chance at life for Ming. He stayed under the water till he needed once again some air. When he broke surface he saw the bridge in the distance and could barely make out the distant commands being shouted out by the senior officer.

He could make out the soldiers running along the embankment towards him. Ming was not worried about this for the current of the river was by far faster than these men could run. He knew that the cause was futile for the men, all they could hope for was a search for him later when he came out of the river. That was fine though, Ming lived approximately another eight kilometres down river and would stay in it till he saw familiar sights.

Ming was out of strength when he pulled himself out of the current of the river. He lay lying on the small beach that he had seen coming down the river. To tell of the adventure of swimming down a swift flowing river that constantly tried to pull poor Ming down under with the current. To speak of the trials of strength that totally drained Ming to his utmost limit, when upon sighting a small beach he gladly gave his last pitch of strength to draw himself out of the current and onto the clearing.

It was dusk when Ming at last awoke and tasted the dust and small accumulation of sand in his mouth. Rinsing his mouth out along side of the river, Ming slowly moved his tired muscles. He felt his strength return to him slowly. Certainly not all of it, for today was certainly a strength draining day. Both mentally and physically. Hunger was on Ming's mind, he hadn't eaten since yesterday evening. Ming pushed the thought out of his mind and concentrated on finding the proper direction home. When he got home Ming decided to flee to Peking with Lia, his wife. They would be scouring the countryside looking for him. For him to escape would be a cockery to the new ruling party. Thinking of that particular thought, Ming rose to his height and set off into the coolness of the woods that lay before him.

After a couple of hours had passed Ming regretted not taking the orientation course that was offered when he was a child at school. He skipped that day to cool off by swimming. For now Ming realized that he was surely lost. He felt he was walking in circles, either that or the woods he was in all looked the same.

It was after stopping to come for a rest that Ming saw the dirt path that ran through the woods. Ming thinking that this path might be the one that intersected with the road about a quarter of a mile from his home, decided to follow the path. After another gruelling hour of walking, Ming got very depressed. He didn't know if he was even walking in the right direction. He looked around and could not see any familiar sights. He was just about ready to give up and turn around when he tripped over the roadway. Getting up he yelled for the joy that was bursting in his soul. He would run home and find his wife waiting for him at the front door. Waiting to run into his arms and hold him. Oh what a joyous thought, marvelled Ming, but he must start moving if he wanted it to happen soon. Ming began to actually run the pain now forgotten. Only his home and his dear wife mattered to him at this moment.

When Ming reached his gate and pushed his way through it, he saw Lia on the porch. Ming thought he could see tears in her eyes, he wanted to crush her in his arms. They ran to embrace each other. It was when Ming held his wife in his arms that blackness over came him. Ming was pronounced dead from hanging as he continued to swing back and forth. Even in death Ming had not the courage to face the truth.

A CONVICT IS...

A man who does his own time;

A man who does not take unfair advantage of anyone else who is doing time;

A man who does not steal from another prisoner, regardless of the circumstances;

A man who does all he can to help his fellow prisoners without asking payment of any kind;

A man who is not afraid to speak out when he thinks he or his fellow prisoners are being mistreated;

A man who keeps his head in times of stress and tries to help those around him hold onto theirs;

A man who keeps his word and pays his debts;

A man who does not snitch or do anything to advance himself at the cost of another prisoner.

A man who will go out of his way to help and protect the weak and inexperienced, for no other reason than the fact he can remember he wore their shoes.

A man who thinks all men are equal, who does not think he is higher than any man alive, nor lower than any man alive, nor is he swayed by the opinions of others.

A man who does not whine and cry about the injustice of his case or the excessive amount of time he received, but instead goes about his business, trying to resolve the issues in a more important, positive manner.

A man who does not care what others think of him as long as he knows he is doing the right thing, for he has learned it is impossible to please all;

A man who is not afraid to be kind to others because some might mistake his kindness for weakness. He treats the next guy like he would like to be treated, knowing what goes around comes around.

The above qualities are those of a convict. The qualities of an "inmate" are not listed because they speak for themselves.

